

Love Spell 391

Chapter 391

Benjamin sounded excited as he spoke to Carlisle with admiration.

Carlisle's move not only kept Benjamin out of trouble, but also caused Titan and

Jalen to fight it out.

Carlisle had predicted such a result, and he did not appear overly delighted. He said in a low voice, "Ben, you should know what to say and what not to say in front of my parents, right?"

”

Benjamin grinned. "Carl, although I'm not as smart as Heath, I'm not a fool. I won't let

your parents learn about our identities. During dinner, I told them that we're your business partners and Heath was harmed by an assassin hired by a business rival."

Hearing this, Carlisle was relieved. "Take good care of Heath. It's getting late, and I

should sleep soon."

"Okay. Goodbye, Carl."

"Bye." Carlisle hung up the phone and put it aside.

Carlisle felt more at ease with Benjamin staying with his parents. After all, Benjamin

had experienced a lot, and the local tyrants of Rainville may not necessarily be able to suppress him even if they tried.

Queenie came in at this moment with the herbal medicine in hand. "Carlisle, the

medicine has cooled down. Wake Wanda up, and I'll feed this to her."

Carlisle turned to look at Wanda and said gently, "Wanda, wake up and take the medicine."

Wanda slowly opened her eyes and spread her arms coquettishly. "Hug me."

Queenie's jaw dropped in surprise. She suddenly regretted acting cute to Zachary in front of Wanda. She even told Wanda that men were defenseless against coquettish acts.

Wanda had learned everything and used it on Carlisle in front of her!

Carlisle was just as stunned. Still, he leaned forward to hug Wanda with a smile. He then lifted her to an upright position.

Wanda sat against the bed's headboard. Her eyes were dull, and she was expressionless as if she was an empty shell without a soul,

Queenie scooped a spoonful of medicine and fed it to Wanda

, whispering, "Wanda, open your mouth."

Wanda did not respond. It was as if she had not heard Queenie.

"Let me do it," Carlisle said.

Queenie passed the medicine to Carlisle, who also scooped a spoonful of medicine and fed it to Wanda. “Wanda, open your mouth,” he tried.

Wanda blinked and looked up at Carlisle, then she imitated Carlisle in opening her mouth.

Carlisle fed the medicine to Wanda and she swallowed.

“It’s bitter.” Wanda frowned as she looked at Carlisle with a resentful gaze.

“You’ll recover after having this.” Carlisle smiled and tried to feed her again.

Wanda, however, shut her mouth tight and shook her head vigorously.

Queenie was growing a little annoyed. “Wanda, I won’t like you anymore if you don’t behave.”

But Wanda still refused to open her mouth, regardless of how Queenie coaxed her.

Carlisle was also helpless.

Queenie suddenly suggested, “Why don’t you feed her with your mouth?”

Carlisle gave Queenie a confused look. “What do you mean by ‘mouth‘?”

Queenie smirked. “Aren’t you supposed to be very smart? You know exactly what I mean.”

Only then did Carlisle understand. That said, he was more confused than ever.

Zachary would have asked Queenie to keep an eye on him and Wanda so that he

wouldn't do anything out of bounds to Wanda.

Yet, she was asking him to feed the medicine to Wanda with his mouth?

"It's. It's inappropriate." Carlisle pretended to be embarrassed.

Queenie snorted. "Stop pretending. I know what you're thinking. Before Wanda is fully recovered, I won't stop the physical intimacy between you both. But only kissing is allowed!"

Queenie left the bedroom and closed the door after that.

Carlisle touched his nose and carefully said, "Wanda, I'll feed you the medicine with my mouth."

Wanda tilted her head and stared at Carlisle, as if she was wondering what he meant by that.

Meanwhile, Carlisle had already put the medicine into his mouth.

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It really was bitter! Carlisle had a twisted expression with the medicine in his mouth.

But when he recalled that Wanda also had to put up with this bitterness, he waved the thought away.

Ten minutes later, Wanda was still crying because of the bitterness.

Carlisle held her in his arms and comforted, "Don't cry, I'll buy you sweets."

Wanda sobbed and said, "I want creamy candies."

"Okay, I'll buy them for you," Carlisle gently said with a smile.

Queenie came into the bedroom upon hearing Wanda's cries.

Carlisle requested, "Please take care of Wanda. I'm going to buy her candies."

"Okay." Queenie sat in the seat that Carlisle previously occupied.

Wanda looked past Queenie and stared at Carlisle's back for a long time. She only looked away after Carlisle completely disappeared from the suite.

"Wanda, do you know who I am?" Queenie held Wanda's hand. Her tone was sweet, but she was displeased to see Wanda's red lips. Carlisle must have fed Wanda with

his mouth so aggressively that her lips were swollen.

Wanda stared at Queenie for some time before she nodded and replied, "You're

Queenie."

Queenie smiled happily. "It's good that you can still recognize people."

Half an hour later, Carlisle returned while panting, bringing with him a large bag

carrying 20 packets of creamy candies.

Queenie was surprised, her mouth slightly ajar. She looked at Carlisle in disdain for

some time and said, "Wanda is not in her right mind, but neither are you. How are you

going to finish all these?”

Queenie was envious of Wanda despite her rough words. Zachary had never bought her candies, after all. He usually bought her costly makeup and designer handbags-

or he'd just give her pocket money. She was already getting bored of materialistic gifts.

Carlisle was out of breath while tearing the packets open. “We can eat them slowly. It's better than not having enough.”

Queenie remained silent. She was rendered speechless, to be exact.

She had unknowingly given Carlisle the chance to show his love for Wanda.

Carlisle unwrapped a creamy candy and fed it to Wanda. A slight smile appeared on her face after she ate the candy.

It was then that Queenie took a look at the time. It was almost 1:00 am.

She got up and yawned. “I'll be sleeping in the next room. Call me if you need anything.”

After Queenie had left, Wanda extended her hand, and Carlisle dutifully offered her his thumb.

Wanda smiled happily as she grabbed Carlisle's thumb. “You have a piece of candy, too.”

Carlisle gazed at Wanda's red lips and recalled the sensation of feeding her with his mouth. He still longed for it, so he requested, “Can you feed me the candy with your

mouth?”

Damn it! Carlisle inwardly cursed himself. He felt like a pervert deceiving a child.

Wanda said nothing and leaned over to kiss Carlisle.

The kiss lasted three minutes.

Carlisle felt hot all over, and there was a layer of mist in his eyes. An urge spread below his abdomen.

Wanda blushed as she lowered her head and whispered, “I feel strange...”

Carlisle laughed sheepishly. “You’re imagining it. You should go to sleep now.”

Wanda nodded obediently and lay on the bed, gazing at Carlisle. “Stay here.”

She held Carlisle’s hand and placed it on her chest.

Carlisle, who had managed to suppress his urge just now, was aroused again.

Something was going to happen if this continued. He quickly cleared his thoughts and closed his eyes, trying to calm himself down.

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Wanda gazed at Carlisle until her eyelids grew heavy. Soon, she fell asleep. The medicine should have kicked in by now.

Carlisle took half an hour to suppress his desires, then he moved to sleep beside Wanda.

Gareth was surfing the Internet in his suite and soon came across a post on the

Riverland forum.

The headline read, “Two Heroes of Riverland Engaged in a Gunfight“. He clicked into it and saw a few photos of entertainment venues being raided. A gang fight had

erupted between two factions.

Just then, Max came running from his bedroom with a cell phone in hand. “Mr. Spencer, something happened.”

“The matter between Titan and Jalen?”

“Yes, even your grandfather knows about it. This is the second large-scale fighting incident in Riverland this month. I think upper management might soon send someone over to rectify the order of Riverland.”

“Max, don’t you think something’s off? Jalen has washed his hands clean and is now working hard to clear his name. Won’t his efforts go down the drain after making such a big fuss this time?” Gareth leaned against the executive chair and pondered

in disbelief.

“It’s indeed strange, but that’s not our concern. We’d better focus on how to get back the money we lost in Scarlet Corporation,” Max said with a smile.

“You’re talking about an upward of 600 million dollars. It’s not easy to get back.”

Gareth laughed bitterly.

“We still have Carlisle. He seems to have some sort of magical power,” Max said.

“Let’s just go to bed. Make sure you check how Wanda is doing tomorrow. She needs to get better if I’m to eat steak.

Wanda awoke at 4:00 am.

She wanted to go to the bathroom but didn’t dare go alone.

“Carlisle...” Wanda poked Carlisle’s nose.

“Are you having another nightmare?” Carlisle opened his eyes in a daze and held Wanda in his arms. He drawled sleepily, “Don’t worry, baby. I’m here with you...”

Wanda pouted and bit Carlisle’s nose.

Carlisle instantly woke up and looked at Wanda. “Wanda, you’re awake?”

He was very happy to see that Wanda looked healthy and was not as pale as yesterday. Max was truly an amazing doctor.

“Carlisle, go to the bathroom with me,” Wanda whispered.

“Okay. Wait, what?” Carlisle agreed without thought, but he came to his senses in the next moment.

Did she want him to go to the bathroom with her? Was he going to watch her?

Wanda thought that Carlisle was disgusted with her. Her eyes instantly became teary as she pouted and was about to cry!

“Let’s go. Let’s go to the bathroom.” Carlisle immediately lifted the blanket, got up, and retrieved a pair of indoor slippers for Wanda.

Wanda put on the slippers and went to the bathroom with Carlisle.

However, the bathroom was locked and the light inside was switched on. Queenie was obviously already inside.

Carlisle knocked on the bathroom door and asked, "Are you done?"

Queenie was constipated. She gritted her teeth and replied, "Almost..."

Then she asked, "Is it you or Wanda who wants to use the bathroom?"

If it was Carlisle who had to go, she would ask him to wait. If it was Wanda, she could hold it in.

"Wanda wants to use the bathroom," Carlisle replied with his back facing the bathroom door.

After another five minutes, Queenie flushed, turned on the ventilator, and left the bathroom.

Looking displeased, Carlisle asked, "What took you so long? Are you suffering from hemorrhoids?"

Queenie glared at Carlisle and stuttered, "You... D-Don't talk nonsense. You're the one with hemorrhoids!" Then, she ran back to her room in embarrassment.

Carlisle smirked. "My guess was right."

Wanda wordlessly entered the bathroom without closing the door.

Meanwhile, Carlisle stood at the door with his back to Wanda.

In the next moment, Carlisle heard a rustling sound behind him, followed by the sound of water flowing, sparking his imagination.

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After Wanda was done, she flushed and went to wash her hands.

Carlisle brought Wanda back to the bedroom and urged her to go back to sleep.

However, Wanda was wide awake and could not go back to sleep, so she asked Carlisle to sing for her.

Carlisle leaned against the headboard and asked gently, “What song do you want to hear?”

Wanda snuggled in Carlisle’s arms and listened to his strong heartbeat in silence. She then whispered, “Any song.

“In that case, I’ll sing you ‘Let’s Get Married’.” Carlisle cleared his throat and started to sing softly.

“A pure white wedding dress, flowers in your hand. It’s as beautiful as a fairy tale...”

It was another song that Wanda had never heard before.

While listening to his singing, she imagined herself marrying Carlisle. She wore a gorgeous white wedding dress while Carlisle wore a crisp suit. They both walked into the church together.

Her parents, Zachary, Lethan, and Shania were all smiles as they looked at her and

Carlisle.

She fell asleep in Carlisle's arms after the song was finished. Carlisle leaned his face against her head and closed his eyes to sleep as well.

Queenie knocked on the door at 6:00 am. "Carlisle, Dr. Reyes is here."

Why was he here so early? The sun was not even up yet.

Carlisle lowered his head to look at Wanda, only to find that she was already awake.

She was staring at the blanket, not moving at all.

He gently scratched her waist and said, "Max has come to check on you. Let's get up.

Queenie pushed the door open and walked in. She was relieved when she saw that they had their clothes on. "Did you both sleep sitting up last night?"

"Wanda slept upright after she came back from the bathroom." Carlisle briefly explained as he got up and helped Wanda to put on her shoes.

They came to the living room, and Carlisle greeted Max first. "Good morning, Max."

"Good morning," replied Max with a smile.

He then took a glance at Wanda and exclaimed, "It's good to be young. She's almost recovered after a night's rest. If it were a middle-aged or elderly man, it would take them three to five days to recover."

Carlisle politely said, "It's because of your excellent medical skills."

Max laughed. "You're flattering me. Remember to treat Mr. Spencer to steak tonight."

Wanda also tugged at Carlisle's sleeve when she heard the word 'steak'. She muttered, "Steak..."

Max's smile grew wider. Gareth would definitely get to have steak tonight.

Queenie said at this moment, "Wanda likes to eat at the famous 'Wonderland

Steakhouse' down on Northdale Street."

Carlisle nodded. "Let's have dinner there tonight."

Max said, "Then, I won't take up too much of your time before class. Feed Wanda the herbal medicine again, and prevent her from being stimulated like last night. If she has another panic attack, I'm afraid she might really have an intracranial hemorrhage.

"Alright, I'll stay with her and promise to take care of her," Carlisle declared with determination.

Max left after some small talk.

Queenie went to the kitchen to reheat the herbal medicine. Then, she tried to feed it

to Wanda, but Wanda refused to open her mouth yet again.

Carl

"Tis think s

d said, "Let me feed it to her with my mouth.

”

one pretended to be embarrassed last night.” Queenie placed the

bowl of medicine on the coffee table and griped.

“What cise can I do? I’m doing my best to cure Wanda’s Illness,” Carlisle said with a slight smile.

“Enough!” Queenie glared at Carlisle and continued to say, “Wanda’s clothes are on the couch. I’ll head to campus first. You both hail a cab later.”

Queenie did not wish to witness how Carlisle fed Wanda the herbal medicine.

Although she had been with Zachary for years, she still couldn’t bear to see others being lovey–dovey in front of her.

Carlisle used the same method as last night to feed the medicine to Wanda. Both of them had twisted expressions due to the bitter medicine—but Carlisle was enjoying it. He felt that he could endure this kind of bitterness forever.

“Creamy candy...” Wanda wanted some candy after taking the medicine.

Carlisle pulled a piece of candy from his pocket, unwrapped it, and popped it into

Wanda’s mouth.

Wanda sucked on it for a while before she put her arms around Carlisle’s neck and fed the candy to him.

The previous kiss was bitter, but now all they tasted was sweetness.

Was this considered going through thick and thin together?

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Carlisle and Wanda rushed to the classroom before the first period.

After taking attendance, Susan distributed the printed class schedule to her students. Then, she announced, “The military training is over. The bonfire-”

She immediately stopped and corrected herself. “The military training is over, which means your university life officially starts now. Remember your class schedule well. “Also, we will be electing a class council today and tomorrow. Those who think that they are capable can come talk to me.”

She cast a brief glance at Carlisle and Wanda. She had her eyes set on these two and was sure one of them would be elected the class monitor.

After all, they were highly recommended by their trainer, Lawrence.

Carlisle did well from the beginning, and his performance was even more outstanding during the military training.

Carlisle noticed Susan’s gaze, and he could guess that she wanted him to run for the class election.

Adding a position on the class council during university to one’s resume could prove advantageous during job hunting.

That said, Carlisle did not need this. He was only attending university to keep Wanda company and make his parents proud.

Wanda was sleepy after drinking the herbal medicine, so she dozed off on the table.

Ruby poked Carlisle’s back from behind and asked, “Carlisle, are you going to run for the class council?”

Carlisle didn’t want to talk to Ruby, so he just shook his head wordlessly.

Ruby continued to say, "I want to run for the position of class monitor."

Carlisle wanted to tell her that it was none of his business, but he didn't want to risk falling out with her considering her identity.

He suddenly wondered if Ruby was involved in the Incident last night.

Before this, Ruby had schemed against Wanda on the school bus heading to the outdoor military training site. Later, Wanda and Ruby's group also failed in their mission to expand their base due to conflict.

Carlisle didn't bother with pleasantries. He directly turned his head to stare at Ruby and demanded, "Was it you last night?"

"What?" Ruby was taken aback.

What happened last night? The incident on stage involving Wanda?

She had a prior conflict with Wanda, so it was normal for Carlisle to suspect her.

After contemplating her reply, Ruby asked, "Would you believe me if I said that it wasn't me?"

Carlisle stared at Ruby's eyes as if he could see through her.

Ruby stared back at Carlisle without any fear. She was not involved in that incident, so there was nothing to be afraid of.

Carlisle looked away soon after. Ruby should be innocent, but who else could it be if

not her?

Sarah? But the one Sarah hated was him. She had no reason to harm Wanda.

It seemed like he could only wait for the network expert hired by Gareth to begin investigations.

The couple had a full day of class today. Wanda slept most of the time, but the teachers did not disturb her.

Peter had already informed the teachers that Wanda was not feeling well and that she should be resting at home. He also asked them to keep an eye on her.

After classes, Carlisle received a call from Gareth even before he walked out of campus.

“Carlisle, have you finished your classes?”

“You’re quite on time.”

“Of course, eating is important.” Gareth joked, as if he was trying hard to get close to Carlisle.

Carlisle said, “Let’s meet at Wonderland Steakhouse on Northdale Street.”

Gareth grinned. “Okay, I’ll head over right away.”

On the way out, Carlisle ran into Kelvin at the gate. He seemed to have been beaten again. His face was bruised and swollen, and there was a band-aid on his forehead.

“Carl...”

Carlisle asked indifferently, “Who beat you?”

Kelvin shook his head and said nothing. This time, he was beaten by Alex's men.

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as not someone Carlisle could deal with.

Kelvin Print look for Carlisle recently because he previously informed Carlisle of the news too late, causing Wanda and her family to be kidnapped. A person was even killed in that incident.

Thus, he believed that Carlisle would not forgive him and would hate him even more. He didn't wish to humiliate himself again.

"Look for Arthur and ask to join his group." Carlisle left this remark before pulling Wanda into a cab he'd just hailed.

At first, he indeed had no intention of forgiving Kelvin. Wanda ended up like this because of those kidnappers, after all.

If Kelvin had informed him immediately upon learning the news, perhaps these things would not have happened. In addition, Carlisle would have kept his word and owed Kelvin big time.

However, Kelvin hesitated for a whole night after receiving the news, allowing those kidnappers to successfully take control of the Thompson family.

Plus, he almost got Heath killed in an attempt to resolve the situation.

Thus, he didn't plan to forgive Kelvin.

But when he saw Kelvin's bruised and swollen face, he guessed that Kelvin had tipped him off despite the pressure from Jalen, a hero of Riverland.

If it were him, he might not have been able to make the decision easily as Heath was

already in the hospital's intensive care unit at that time.

After much deliberation, he eventually forgave Kelvin.

Northdale Street was crowded and lively. The food trucks and various shops were bustling with business.

Wanda's eyes lit up when she saw the food trucks

want to eat that. She pointed at a food truck selling buffalo wings

That's too greasy Carlisle rejected her with a smile. "And if you're full after eating that, how are you going to eat steak later?*

Wanda let go of Carlisle's hand and stomped her feet, pouting. "Come on, I want to eat that."

Carlisle could do nothing but smile and pinch Wanda's cheek. "Alright, alright. I'll buy it for you."

After buying a serving of buffalo wings, Wanda wanted to eat a corndog.

After buying her the corndog, she wanted to eat doughnuts.

Wanda the foodie had apparently come out to play.

Soon, Carlisle found himself carrying several bags of snacks.

Wanda was delighted. With a buffalo wing in her left hand and a doughnut in her right, she was happily enjoying her food.

"You have a bite, too." Wanda passed the half-eaten buffalo wing to Carlisle like a child.

Carlisle smiled as he accepted the buffalo wing from her and took a few bites.

After strolling around for about half an hour, they eventually came to a restaurant under an overpass.

In front of the restaurant, there was a tall LED sign that read, “Wonderland. Steakhouse“.

The place was very spacious with around 20 tables, and almost all tables were occupied.

It wasn’t a very fancy place, but it wasn’t bad either.

Owen, Cameron, Sunny, and several other team leaders were having steaks here.

Sunny had seen Carlisle and Wanda from afar, so he quickly informed the restaurant
grualled Wende

who handed the doughnuts she bought just now to Cowen Hass

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Chen et sell that Carlisle’s friend was a little dorky He inwardly sampled

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and wondered if Carlisle’s girlfriend was a fool

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Still, Owen didn't dare ask or show it on his face. He only accepted the doughnuts with a smile. "Thank you, Ms. Thompson."

Sunny asked, "Carl, is it just the two of you? You can join us; the more the merrier."

Carlisle shook his head. "Another two friends of mine are coming."

"Carlisle." A familiar voice suddenly sounded from his right side.

Carlisle turned his head to find Luna and Queenie seated at another table.

Luna waved at him and asked, "Do you want to come over and eat with us?"

Carlisle repeated, "Thanks, but I still have other friends coming."

Luna was a kind senior. If it weren't for her, he wouldn't have been able to be with

Wanda openly. He noted to himself that he must not forget Luna when he became rich in the future.

Just then, a yellow Ferrari pulled up in front of the restaurant with a roar.

"Oh my God, a Ferrari? Sunny almost jumped out of his seat when he saw the Ferrari. He used to work in the real estate industry and had met with many rich people. But he rarely saw anyone who could afford a Ferrari in this town."

Cameron narrowed his eyes and narrated, "That's a 2003 Ferrari Enzo which is worth about two million dollars. That model will be discontinued this year, and there are

only ten of them nationwide."

Owen looked at Cameron with narrowed eyes. “When did you study up on Ferraris?”

Cameron explained helplessly. “I came across it in the forum and was instantly fascinated, so I studied it for a few days.

Owen laughed. “Let’s work hard. Perhaps we’ll get to drive it one day.”

Cameron said indifferently, “I can drive it now, though.”

Owen and Sunny were stunned. Even Carlisle looked surprised. Could it be that

Cameron was a secret scion of a rich family?

Owen chuckled. “Cameron, are you kidding?”

Cameron grinned. “Weren’t you joking first?”

Both of them joked around, and it was very lively.

Gareth got down from the Ferrari. He was wearing a short-sleeved shirt, a pair of shorts, and yellow flip-flops. He walked toward Carlisle with a purse tucked under his arm.

“It’s him again,” Luna mumbled softly.

Queenie whispered, “Do you fancy him? Did you see his car? It’s worth two million dollars. He’s perfect! Don’t forget me if you end up with him.”

Luna took a deep breath and stared at Queenie incredulously. “He’s probably the poor ex-boyfriend my sister dumped.”

“Huh?” Queenie was surprised.

The nation's most prominent owner of a red wine company was a poor man? Did she mishear or was Luna making things up?

Luna sighed and continued, "My sister is a snobbish person. I guess Gareth hid his identity when he was with my sister."

"Damn! Did he do that to test her? Your sister should have been smart and held on a little longer, then she would be able to marry a rich man," Queenie said with a curious expression.

Luna took a sip of her beer and shook her head with a smile. "There are things that won't come back ever again once you miss them. If my sister learns his real identity, she will definitely regret it very much."

Queenie thought of something and asked, "Has your sister ever slept with him?"

"Probably not. My sister is conservative. She wants to save her first time for the wedding night."

"That's good then."

"Why? Are you interested?" Luna raised her eyebrows.

"Hell no! I just think that you have a chance.

"Me?" Luna pointed at herself and widened her eyes.

"Yes. Anyway, he's never slept with your sister. Didn't you say that you look similar to your sister? If you run into him a few more times, you'll surely get his attention.

"He even took a good look at you last night, remember?"

"No way. I don't want to be my sister's replacement. Besides, if his love for my sister has turned into hatred, he'll only be annoyed by my presence."

Let's not talk about it anymore

Let's done instead Luna lifted her beer glass and drank it with Queenie's, then she chugged it down.

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At Carlie's table Gareth and Max sat together on one side while he and Wanda sat on the opposite side

Owen had helped Carlisle place their orders at noon, so the steaks were served not long after they were seated

Wanda cut into the steak right away. Carlisle glanced at Gareth and Max, who were smiling slightly. They were not bothered by Wanda's impolite behavior at all.

They indeed came from a family of government officials in Yorksle. They knew how to get on in the world and were far-sighted.

Carlisle quickly got up and apologized with embarrassment, "Please be understanding. I'll drink more later as a token of apology.

Gareth waved his hand and said with a smile, "Let's not do that. This is a gathering of friends. There are no such rules."

Max said jokingly, "Yes, yes. I also dislike drinking as a form of punishment.

Gareth's grandfather taught him that he had to be flexible and far-sighted in the business world.

Although Theodore was not a businessman, it was true that the political scene was not much different from the business world. In fact, some would even say that politics was even more dangerous than business.

When dealing with official leaders, the consequences of an offense wouldn't be as simple as punishing oneself by drinking.

"It tastes so good." Wanda showed a satisfied smile.

“Eat more then.” Carlisle couldn’t help but smile as well. His eyes were full of adoration and happiness.

He would dote on her like usual, regardless of how she changed. Not to mention how cute she was now—she was just an Innocent, sweet girl.

“The steak smells good, I’ll have a try as well.” Gareth cut a piece and put it into his mouth. It was tender, savory, and a little spicy.

Gareth widened his eyes in surprise. “Max, try this. It tastes really good.”

It was rare for Max to see Gareth giving such a positive review of food. Maybe he did it to lighten the mood, or perhaps it really did taste good. Regardless, he would usually never eat at restaurants like these.

Max politely rejected the bite. “My stomach is weak, so I can’t eat anything too spicy. I’ll just drink with you.”

“Excuse me, please make way.” The waiter placed a plate of garlic butter steak on the table.

Carlisle explained with a smile, “Considering that you may not eat spicy food, I ordered a garlic butter steak just in case.”

Max’s smile froze instantly.

Gareth knew that Max was a picky eater. But the steak here was flavorful, so he leaned over and said, “It’s true. It tastes way better than the A5 Wagyu Steak of Imperial Hotel.”

Hearing that, Max cut a piece of the garlic butter steak and placed it in his mouth. The garlic flavor went well with the juicy steak. It really was delicious.

Max nodded and praised, “It’s indeed not bad. I’m surprised that a regular steakhouse like this can make steaks that taste as good as those at Imperial Hotel.”

Gareth suddenly had an idea. "I think we can buy the recipe from them and open steakhouse franchises all across the nation. Just the spicy flavor and garlic butter flavor are enough."

Max asked, "How much is the steak?"

Gareth checked the menu and was taken aback. "It's only 35 dollars."

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Max was also stunned 35 dollars? That was only enough to have a single drink at

Imperial Hotel

Max was silent for a while before he nodded and said, 'Selling it for 35 dollars is profitable as well. It'll work if we open franchises nationwide and sell it at a cheap

price but in large volume

Since Max had also voiced his agreement, Gareth made up his mind in an instant Carlisle, do you want to partner up with me? This business model is definitely

profitable, and I can guarantee you a long lasting return.

Carlisle smiled and said, "It is indeed profitable and stable, but the gain is not worth

the trouble."

The success of a chain restaurant would create a large number of copycats. Once they gained a little popularity, there would be "Riverland Steakhouse", "Alice

Steakhouse", and so on. They would then have to win the customers' hearts over by

lowering their prices a little.

How much would they make if they sold steaks for a small profit? If they were able to

sell 100 dishes a day at the selling price of ten dollars each, they could only make

1000 dollars a day.

In other words, they could only make 200 thousand dollars a day if there were 200 restaurants. It would be six million dollars a month and 72 million dollars a year. He could only get 36 million dollars of the annual profit as a partner.

If they were to increase the number of restaurants to 400, he would have to invest

another large sum of money.

It would be good if he could get his returns in the first year of business. If they started to make profits in the second year, he could get a share of about 72 million dollars but that was not even enough to fund his cell phone research.

Gareth lifted his glass and said, “Carlisle, you’re only a few years younger than me, so I’ll just call you Carl. Cheers!”

Carlisle lifted his glass and said, “I’ll keep my promise to drink as a punishment.”

Then, he gulped down the beer and chugged another two glasses. He burped when the fourth glass was brought out

Gareth and Max had come here with ulterior motives, but the same could be said of Carlisle. It was just that the initiative had always been in his hands. Even though they stood on ceremony, he still had to keep his word.

Gareth took a side glance at Max, who smiled helplessly and muttered, “Mr. Zahn, you’re really cool.”

Meanwhile, Gareth looked at him with concern. “Carl, you really don’t have to do that.”

Carlisle proudly declared, “Promises must be kept. We have to go by the rules when seeking business deals. It’s not good to have conflicts over interests and cause unnecessary trouble, you see.”

Gareth was stunned by his words. Had Carlisle already decided to work with him? He

had not even said anything to Carlisle yet.

Seeing that Gareth was in a daze, Max kicked his calf lightly.

Gareth came to his senses and said with a smile, “Mr. Zahn, so you know that I want

to work with you.”

Just call me Carl.” Carlisle smiled as he also wanted to get closer to Gareth.

He needed a huge sum of funds, and Gareth was probably the only one who could. help him.

Gareth lifted his glass and said, “Then, you call me Mr. Spencer.”

Carlisle grinned. “Gareth is better.”

Gareth chuckled heartily. “It’s up to you, Carl. Suit yourself.”

“Cheers to you, Gareth!”

“Cheers!”

They clinked their glasses and chatted as they drank. They talked about their families and businesses, and Gareth even complained about his childhood best

friend.

The whole time, neither side mentioned anything about what or how they should work together at all.

They talked until Owen and the others came to say goodbye in a drunken state.

“Carl, Ms. Thompson, enjoy your food. We’re leaving.”

The few people wrapped their arms around each other’s shoulders and staggered away after saying goodbye.

Chapter 400

Wanda had already eaten her fill. She patted her round belly and said with satisfaction, “I’m so full.”

Carlisle and Gareth stopped eating upon hearing Wanda’s words.

Carlisle knew that it was time to leave now that Wanda was full. Gareth also understood that Carlisle would be in a hurry to take her home after she was done eating

Max chuckled. “Today’s dinner was an extraordinarily good time. Let’s meet again some other time?”

Gareth nodded in agreement. “Sure, let’s eat again tomorrow.”

Carlisle smiled wryly. “Alright, we’ve had the steak and some drinks. Now it’s time to get down to business.”

Gareth and Max looked serious upon hearing that.

Carlisle took a sip of Wanda's soda and asked, "How much was the loss of Scarlet Corporation?"

"Around 600 million dollars." Gareth did not keep the staggering loss a secret. It was

better to be frank if he wished to work well with Carlisle. This was also the purpose of chatting over dinner, after all. It would be easier to open up to each other if they had grown close.

Carlisle continued to ask, "Then, how much do you still have in hand now?"

"I still can mobilize around 300 million dollars. Thankfully, you helped me to stop the loss in time. Otherwise, I would also have lost this 300 million dollars as well as my

family!

Gareth chugged another glass of beer. The beer flowed down his chin and dripped onto his chest. His misty eyes were full of hatred.

Wanda was a little frightened, so she grabbed Carlisle's hand and muttered, "I'm scared."

Carlisle held Wanda's hand and assured her. "Don't be scared. Gareth is not a bad guy.

Even he would not be able to accept it if his childhood best friend were to betray him with the intention to ruin his family.

Max kicked Gareth under the table again and reminded, "Keep your emotions in check."

Gareth took a deep breath. "I'm sorry, Carl. That's my bad, I'll drink as punishment."

"No, don't. It's not a big deal." Carlisle tried to stop him but was too late.

Gareth downed a whole bottle of beer.

Carlisle spoke again, "Then, I'll continue with our deal. I have two types of games that I wish to make. But the budget of initial research and development is approximately

200 million dollars."

"You want to make games?" Gareth stared at Carlisle in disbelief.

Max said with a smile, "Computers and the Internet are not common now, so I don't think there's much investment value in the gaming industry. It's better to invest in physical businesses."

Carlisle took a sip of the soda that Wanda had filled the glass with and said indifferently, "Max, you're saying you'll only invest in common things?"

"By the time the Internet and computers become common, various games will be

launched and gamers will have made their choice. Then, there truly won't be much

investment value anymore."

Gareth nodded in agreement after listening to Carlisle's explanation. "You're right, Carl. Current successful games generate extremely high profits. Plus, gamers are youngsters whose parents are

still working. They're usually single and don't have many financial burdens, so they can afford it.

"While the Internet and computers are not yet common, and there are a few games in the market, we can indeed invest in games. It depends on whether your games are, profitable or not."

Max had never played online games before and rarely used computers. He felt that he was unable to engage in the conversation, so he just had some snacks and drank beer while he listened.

Gareth casually took a gulp of his beer and asked, "Do you think you can make money with the two games?"

Carlisle smiled confidently. "It is definitely profitable. No, it is highly profitable."

Max asked out of curiosity, "If the games are a success, how much will the annual profits be?"

Carlisle held out three fingers for the two to see.

Max asked, "30 million dollars?"

Carlisle shook his head.

Gareth took a guess, "300 million dollars?"

Carlisle smiled slightly as he stared at Max and declared, "Be bolder."

They both exclaimed in shock, "Three billion dollars?"

Only then did Carlisle put his hand down.

Max's hand shook while holding the glass. "How... How is that possible?"

Carlisle said with a grin, “There’s nothing impossible in this world. You should’ve also found out a few things about me. My business plan will not fail.

The only exception was his plan with Heath, of course. But as a whole, it shouldn’t be considered a failure just yet.

With a starting capital of 15 million dollars, they had gained more than 60 million dollars and a large group of subordinates. They were just keeping a low profile and biding their time at the moment.